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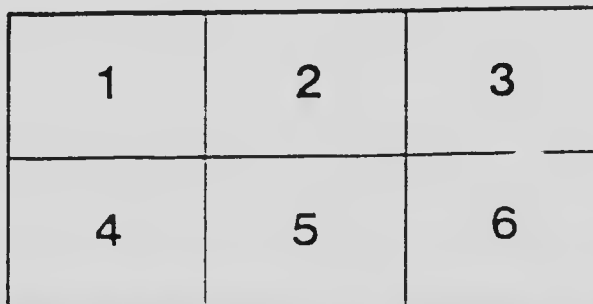
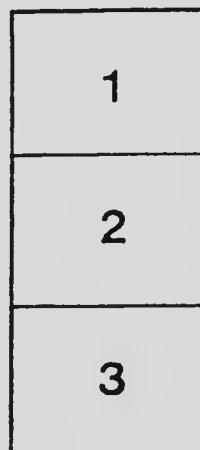
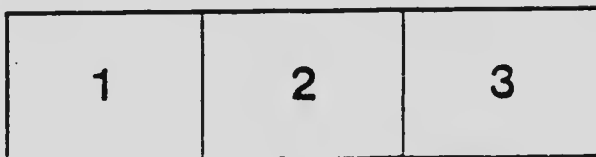
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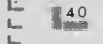
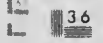
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**C**

ardinal Newman

and

**The Tractarian Movement**



**A Digest**

by the

**Rev. Alfred H. Sinnott, D.C.L.**



**A. Irwin, Printer  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island  
1903**



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T. Edgumackott

## Cardinal Newman and The Tractarian Movement.

**I**N a positive age like this small store is set by prophets and their prophecies. We accord but scanty audience to the seer, and care little for the menace or the promise of the oracle. Purely human forecasts are not likely to annoy us, for we are interested only in the living present. We are affected by what is direct and precise, whereas forbodings are always vague, and, when set off against the practical, may be fairly called unreal. This however does not impugn the right of grey hairs to appropriate the well known words of the wizard to Lochiel:—

“ ’Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

Indeed it is readily admitted that as the spirit nears the awful moment of disembodiment, when men have attained the evening of their lives, strange visions do sometimes flit before them. They seem to move in the projected shadows of the future, and to catch glimpses of God's arcana. Occasionally these presages are chronicled and subsequent occurrences often give to them an anxious reality.

Anyhow, such seem to have been the case with the prospective survey recorded of the subject-matter of this discourse. The prediction is referred to, because it pointed out beforehand the true cause of the happenings that followed closely upon it and because it is likewise an apology for the conduct of the actors in the events it foreshadowed,— events which transpired, as the sequel will show, to the painful alarm of the earnest Anglican body and to the surprise of the English-speaking world.

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Shortly before his demise in the year 1833, a certain Rev. Mr. Sikes, Rector of Guilsborough, in England, an Anglican clergyman prominent in High Church circles—gave utterance to words which seem at least to have been inspired by a saintly life and a singularly keen appreciation of men and events. By appointment, and by talent, he occupied a position sufficiently high to take in the whole situation of the Established Church. He looked to the borders of the United Kingdom and found everywhere amiable and estimable men working out the divine commission among their people. But scattered far and wide he perceived likewise a number—large or small he did not say—who did not realize, or if they did, failed to fulfil the work unto which in God's name they had been called. But all, good and bad, zealous and indifferent he convicted of a like fault, an unaccountable failing. As Anglicans they professed to believe in the Apostles' Creed. Daily they recited it, with apparently the same unctio and in exactly the same words as Roman Catholics. They believed in God, the Father Almighty; they believed in His Only Son, Our Lord; they believed in the Holy Ghost. Their faith carried them over the awful barrier of the Sacred Trinity but here it stopped short. They repeated but did not seem to believe "The Holy Catholic Church." The catechisms of Christian doctrine were silent about it; the mouths of preachers resounded not with this saving doctrine. There was what Mr. Sikes called a "uniform suppression of one great truth."

As much as we may be alarmed by this distressing intelligence in itself, our concern is rather with what follows. Mr. Sikes, logically enough, perceived that by this suppression the proportion of faith in the articles of The Creed was destroyed. He foresaw that a day would come when in a sense this doctrine would have its revenge; when it would weigh heavily on men's minds; when it would be echoed and reechoed from one end of the kingdom to the other; when



men would be carried away by it to the edification of some, to the scandal of others, when those who would bring it forward would be vituperated as traitors and taunted as papists in disguise; when finally in his own words "all would want a guidance which one hardly knew where they should find."

Among the events of the immediately-succeeding years, there is written the literal fulfilment of these remarkable words. A great religious revolution with this very catholicity as its object actually came to pass. It was fomented in the brains of young enthusiasts at the very storm-centre of Anglicanism. It was of an infectious nature and infection was in the air. It was carried on the winds to every corner of the land. It spread from the city into the country; from the seat of learning to the rural parsonage. Rectors, whose days were as undisturbed as their nights were restful, were aroused by violence of its criticism and lulled to sleep by the calm assurance of its orthodoxy. Men whose daily lives were encircled by anything but theological peripheries discussed it with the easy familiarity of experienced Schoolmen.

It had no rubrical language, but it created a literature of its own. And for a while it ran on with the easy flow of a gentle river. No one ever dreamt of the "torrent's smoothness." But lo; when all seemed fairest, some one accidentally fell upon the key to the cryptogram. With this how luminously clear it all appeared. It spelt backwards or forwards, up or down and spelt but the one word, "Romanism." The traitor with torch lighted was detected in the act of firing the time-honored Establishment. The conspiracy was first whispered among neighbors; it was murmured in public places, it was noised abroad. Soon it was freely and loudly spoken of everywhere. Once again in its history the voice of the nation was heard in accents clear, distinct and unmistakable. Denunciation and indignation, as

temperate as it was unmerited, then ensued. Those who had set out with the best intentions to serve and save their Church were on all sides denounced as aliens in her fold. With the fondness of children, however they clung to their Mother. And when the fierce anger died away, the religious innovators were no longer a party; but were scattered here and there as units over the kingdom—not converted, perhaps, but certainly silenced

History has written all these things upon its pages and in very bold characters one fact more. It has solved what the prophetic eye of Mr Sikes could not discern. It has informed us where the greater number of the enquirers found ultimate "guidance."

The era, that witnessed the disastrous termination of the French Revolution, saw the Tory Party, as representative of Conservative issues, paramount in England. Nevertheless as there was at the outset a feeling of sympathy with that great revolt against authority, so as the years went by the liberal principles upon which it was based continued to be received with favor by an ever-increasing number of people. Though for a time restrained by the excesses and inglorious end of the revolution, this favor soon manifested itself in open denunciations of existing abuses, and a little later found lofty expressions in the poetry of Wordsworth and the philosophy of Stuart Mill. In 1831 the Whigs obtained power. After much opposition from the reigning sovereign, George IV, they passed a comprehensive measure of parliamentary reform. The rotten boroughs system was superseded by a ten-pound franchise. History has called this Reform Bill the "softened echo" of the French Revolution. The Whigs appealed to the country and again under the leadership of Earl Grey were returned to power. With Liberalism everywhere rampant no Conservative could but feel alarmed at the prospect of a reform ministry so completely endorsed by the people. The most

pressing grievance was the state of the Established Church in Ireland. It was a case of protracted injustice that had to be quickly and strongly dealt with. Earl Grey brought forward a moderate measure. He reduced the machinery of ecclesiastical government by suppressing ten of the Irish Bishoprics. Yet nowhere did it meet with much acceptance. O'Connell and his party repudiated it for what it left undone. Their solution was Gladstone's bill of complete disestablishment many years later. On the other hand there were those who criticised it, not for what it accomplished, but for the principle upon which it was based; it presupposed the power of the state to meddle in ecclesiastical affairs. If the Episcopal system of Church government was of divine origin what right had the State to interfere? What guarantee was there if they tampered with the Church property and suppressed sees in Ireland that the time would not come when there would be a like reform for England? As it was, ministers of the crown threatened the English Church with disestablishment. What wonder then in such a crisis, if some churchmen asked themselves whether the Church with her higher spiritual aim was a mere servant of the State. It was old Oxford, whose proud boast had ever been her conservatism and her high orthodoxy that returned the most indignant negative to this question.

And between the two extreme parties opposing the Bill of Earl Grey from such different standpoints, the debate was acrimonious and long. An influential Irish journal referred to the English Universities as "hot-beds for the Tories—the mental cradles of the bitterest enemies of mankind." An Oxonian charged the Catholic legislators with "treachery, aggravated by perjury." O'Connell returned the charge with all the bitterness of invective that on such occasions he could command.

Such was the condition of the nation in the year 1832. Liberalism born of the principles of revolution and nurtured

on the rationalism of German theology was everywhere marching onward with the vigor and strength of youth, manifesting withal the staidness and dignity of age. Amidst it all the Church of England seemed to be in a state of hopeless indifference. Even prelates had forgotten Laud and Andrews and Butler to fraternize with dissenters. A contemporary writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, almost without a rebuke, declared that the Anglican Bishops were unbelieving, their clergy slothful. According to his view, history was but emphasizing itself in repetition, for in this case the money-changers had not only entered the temple but had driven the worshippers therefrom. The eminent Dr. Arnold despaired of human power in such a crisis and hinted at miraculous intervention to save the Church from complete destruction. Dr. Whately, the future Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, wrote to Earl Grey to state what a brilliant but difficult feat of statesmanship it would be to "preserve the establishment from utter overthrow." "In 1833" says a learned writer "the acutest observers of the time considered that the Church of England was on its deathbed." "It was folding its robes," says Mr. Mozley "to die with what dignity it could." Indifferentism was the fatal malady. It originated in a clergy, not superior as a rule to the clergy of other denominations, yet safe in their prebendary stalls from the incursions of talent, from the impetuous ardor of zeal and more especially from any anxiety in providing for bodily necessity. Like effects had been witnessed many times in Catholic countries where like conditions prevailed. For fifty years or more this malady had been growing on the State religion, and, at the period of which we treat, it had reached an acute stage. However, 1883 did not prove to be the deathbed of the Anglican Church. It was merely the critical moment in a prolonged illness. From that year dates a revival as wonderful as it was unexpected, and the established Church seemed to obtain a new

lease of life. Her sons burning with the zeal of apostles gathered around her.

At that very time there was a body of young men at the University of Oxford deeply immersed in a study of the principles and development of the Anglican Church. As undergraduates they had done honor to their *alma mater*; as fellows and Professors of the institution they loved and wished to serve they were effectually moulding the character and mind of the future great men of the nation. By accidental agreement of minds — not by any written or oral compact — they were unconsciously forming the nucleus of a distinct party. In their ranks they counted the foremost intellects of the age — young men of shrewd common sense and acknowledged ability. At the same time they had a wide reputation for earnestness and piety. By their talents they would have won fame in any country; their zeal would have shed lustre on any Church. They had an inborn love of antiquity and ancient practices. With sorrow and alarm, they saw a party growing up which repudiated those ideas and gloried in the name of liberalism. They were witnesses of this party growing enormously in strength and at an enormously rapid rate. They beheld their own beloved Church retiring as this party advanced — weakening with the precipitancy of dissolving empires, notwithstanding the advantages of wealth and pre-occupation which she possessed.

Amidst the inertia on all sides they buckled on their armour. They were not fearful of the issue. There was a ring of boastfulness in their very challenge. They selected as their motto the words of Achilles on returning to the battle: "you shall know the difference, now that I am back again." They met the tide of liberalism with a current equally strong. Strange to say it was not "private judgment" nor "justification by faith" they relied upon, but they unrolled ages long gone by and the force they employ-

ed was the volume of antiquity. They repudiated the name of Protestant. If they were anything, they were Catholics in its more ancient and more truthful meaning. They believed in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which the Anglican was in England the living organ, the divinely-constituted branch. They were united by the bond of continual succession with the Apostles, with the Fathers of the first centuries and with the great divines of the middle ages. If their mother church was at warfare with the churches of Rome and Greece—the other two great branches—it was no fault of hers. On the one side it was due to the national perversity of the Greeks; on the other it was ascribed to the tyranny and false assumptions of the Roman Pontiffs. Moreover they were convinced that the sister churches—particularly the Roman—had corrupted the purity of primitive doctrines. Yet it was with the pain of a friend and sympathizer, not with the exultant cry of a victor that they laid bare these corruptions. "Speak gently of thy sister's fall" sang Keble in the "Christian Year" in reference to Rome. He said it with genuine kindness and this spirit was fairly representative of the whole party. They were well aware that in the controversies between the churches there had been bitterness on both sides, and it was immaterial in charity which side bore the heavier burden. Though they longed to see a reformation in the sister-churches, they were not blind to defects in their own communion. "Look at home" they used to say "let us first (or at least let us the while) supply our shortcomings before we attempt to be physicians to anyone else." And again: "Our business is with ourselves—to make ourselves more holy, more self-denying—more primitive, more worth our high calling."

Out of such surroundings, with some such communion of doctrine certain men in the University of Oxford clustered together and formed what is known to history as the

Tractarian Party. They derived their name from the manner in which they elected to disseminate their views; namely by means of tracts, varying in size from a four-page pamphlet to an octavo volume. At their head stood a young man gifted with no particular genius for government more than what came from intellectual superiority. As a mere youth he had wandered to the verge of liberalism; whilst still young he had returned to his earlier allegiance. This young man was John Henry Newman and thus do his memoirs summarize his entrance into this work "John Henry Newman was born in Old Broad Street, in the city of London, on February 21, 1801, was baptized in the Church of St Benet Fulk on April 9th of the same year." His youth was marked by no distinguishing feature, except that from his earliest years religion had ever been to him "the fairy city of his heart." It was a land where ideas came like truth and disappeared like dreams." A Latin Verse Book of his tenth year, contained something that was curious and startling. Between the words "Verse" and "Book" written in a boy's hand, was drawn the picture of a solid cross upright and beside it a set of beads with a small cross attached. Religion to him moreover was a land peopled with spirits; some of whom he much feared, for to his fifteenth year, he "used constantly to cross himself on going into the dark." Even to latest years Cardinal Newman could find no satisfactory explanation of this phenomena, where he got them, or why among so many things, they acted so powerfully on his imagination.

This impressionableness is perhaps a reason why he was so easily acted on by others—so susceptible of external influence. This influence was indeed so determined that one can almost trace step by step Newman's mental and religious development. Each intimate associate left characteristic marks and meant the accession of a certain definite body of truth. In the early Oxford days Dr. Hawking,

Vicar of St. Mary's and Dr. Whately, principal of Alban Hall had most to do with the moulding of Newman's mind. The former gave him an insight into the polemics of the Roman Catholic divines, "to weigh words and to be cautious in statements," "to obviate mistakes by anticipating them." The latter taught him to be self reliant, to think for himself "to see with his own eyes and to walk with his own feet." In later life he was widely separated from both but especially from the Principal of Alban Hall. Whately has been described as a "big, breezy, boisterous, out-of-doors kind of churchman." The worst that Newman could say of him was that he was "a bright June sun tempered by a March north-easter." He was famous at Oxford for a white hat, a rough white coat and a huge white dog. To some this indicated eccentricity: to say the least it was not conventional. To escape censure, only men of rare genius can afford to be erratic.

The friendship between Newman and Whately went through the usual period of coldness and indifference before the formal break. A few years after Whately became Archbishop of Dublin, a short correspondence took place between them and though there is a mutual recognition of friendship, it is of that painful kind which amounts only to courteous language and forbearance. What distress it caused Newman to lose so good a friend can be inferred from his own words. Speaking most likely in reference to Whately he said "Blessings of friends which to my door unasked un- hoped have come. They have come, they have gone; they came to my great joy, they went to my great grief." Neither Dr. Hawkins nor Dr. Whately had any direct bearing on the Oxford movement but to oppose it.

We come now to those who likewise exercised an immense influence over Newman, and who were associated with him, as leaders in the Tractarian Movement; men, to whom he was ever attached, and, notwithstanding the change of creed,



men with whom he was ever friendly, Froude, Keble and Pusey. When Hurrell Froude was elected Fellow of Oriel College in 1826, Newman wrote of him to his mother; "Froude is one of the acutest and clearest and deepest of men in the memory of man." His premature death at the commencement of the movement has prevented his name from being connected with it and restricted his fame to a few admirers. Perhaps he is best known through his brother, James Anthony Froude, the distinguished historian, who found more virtues in Henry VIII than are usually allowed to that monarch. Those who dispute Froude's appreciation of the Tudor King cannot impugn his estimate of his own brother. "I look back upon my brother" he says, "as on the whole the most remarkable man I ever met with in my life. I have never seen any person—not one, in whom as I now think of him, the excellences of intellect and character were combined in fuller measure." It is impossible in a few words to give any estimate of Hurrell Froude. Newman in his *Apologia* has paid a grateful tribute to his memory. "A man of high genius" he says "brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression." And when Froude lay dying, in 1836, in a postscript to a letter Newman has "who can refrain from tears at the thought of that bright and beautiful Froude." When the crash actually came it is told that Newman lamented with tears (not a common thing for him) that he could not see Froude just to tell him how much he felt that he owed to him in the clearing and strengthening of his laws." And Newman himself writing to a friend said "yesterday morning brought me the news of Froude's death. I can never have a greater loss, looking on for the whole of my life."

As short as his life was, as little as he had written, no one

can doubt Hurrell Froude's distinct place in the movement. As to doctrine he was far in advance of his associates. He was ever dissatisfied with the Tractarians for not carrying their principles onward to more logical conclusions. Very truly was it once said of him that "he did not seem to be afraid of inferences." His devotion to the Blessed Eucharist was so profound that he had taken a resolution never to speak of it as "The Lord's Supper" nor call the altar "the Lord's table" because he fancied that these words were "dirtied" in the mouths of dissenters. He was powerfully attracted towards fasting and austerities, practicing them at times with all the rigor of an anchorite. It was no unusual thing for him to sleep at night upon the bare floor, and to pass whole days upon one meal, and that of the poorest kind. Yet he did it all in secret and in silence. Amid the gaiety of Oxford that must have been distressing to him, he ever preserved a serene and even cheerful countenance. He had a deep admiration for celibacy and it was his notion that religion would be effectively promoted in England by the re-establishment of the monastic orders.

Confident of his own position in the *via media* the only fault he could find with the Roman Catholic Church was for excommunicating him and his associates. On the other hand he hated with a violent hatred the Reformation and the reformers; for only one in his condition, actuated by such a passion, could call Protestantism "odious" and say that it stopped the propagation of true doctrine by sticking in "people's gizzards." To him "the Reformation was a limb badly set—it must be broken again, in order to be righted."

Froude has been severely criticized for such statements. Even Gladstone spoke of Froude's "glaring, if not almost scandalous disparagement of the Reformers." That it was glaring we do not deny, that it was scandalous we are not prepared to say. But this at least may be said in extenua-

tion. What Froude wrote of the Reformers was addressed in private letters to intimate friends, who more or less sympathized with him. It was never intended to be shouted from every housetop in England. We who differ *toto coelo* from the Reformers would perhaps scarcely use such language of them, because time has served to alleviate the bitterness of controversy and helped us to view with more equanimity, if not charity, those disastrous times. No man is converted by abuse, and perhaps with little credit to ourselves we can say that we are more anxious for truth than to appear conquerors in an argument.

Had Hurrell Froude lived a few years longer, there is scarcely room to doubt that he would soon have found complete truth in the Catholic Church. Under the guidance of her ascetics, with truth shedding light on a docile mind, he would have made such progress in virtue, as to be a model in a community of saints. A Catholic, reviewing his life and works in 1839, only three years after his death, had nothing but praise for him then. Time has but confirmed that verdict and we can fully endorse what he says: "Peace be to him! is our parting salutation. The hope which an Ambrose expressed for a Valentinian, who died yet a catechumen, we willingly hold of him. His ardent desires were with the truth; his heart was not a stranger to its love. He was one, we firmly believe, whom no sordid views or fear of men's tongues, would have deterred from avowing his full convictions and embracing their consequences, had time and opportunity been vouchsafed him for a longer search. He is another instance of that same mysterious Providence, which guided a Grotius and a Liebnitz to the threshold of truth, but allowed them not the time to step within it, into the hallowed precincts of God's visible church."

"Do you know the story of the murderer," says Hurrell Froude, "who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done I should

say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other." When Newman came to Oxford, John Keble had already won renown in the University. In the year 1810, at the age of eighteen he had carried off double first-class honors in classics and mathematics—a rank which had been obtained but once before and that by Sir Robert Peel. He was not known however so much by his scholarly ability as by a singularly rare and saintly disposition. Men pointed to him with a certain awe, and as he passed, whispered "there's Keble." Men sought the acquaintance of the clever young Oxonian and were overpowered by his extreme modesty. Sir John Taylor Coleridge his friend and companion for more than half a century, looking back to the early days could say of Keble "it was the singular happiness of his nature, remarkable even in his undergraduate days, that love for him was always sanctified by reverence—reverence that did not make the love less tender, and love that did but add intensity to the reverence." Newman's account of his first meeting with Keble confirms this judgment of Justice Coleridge. Newman had just been elected to a Fellowship of Oriel College. Keble was already a Fellow of the same institution. "I had to hasten to the Tower" Newman writes "to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." Acquaintance in this case however did not prove to be friendship. It was some years afterwards, through the instrumentality of Hurrell Froude that they learned to know each other. And these three, as much as they differed in personal characteristics had this in common that they were all attracted—not all at once but through time, to the same doctrines, all inspired by the same emotions.

In the year 1827, Keble published the work by which he is known to fame, "the Christian Year,"—a series of

hymns on different subjects for every Sunday of the year and for all the festivals and saint-days in the Church of England. Although it was impregnated with the spirit of doctrines at that time not well known or appreciated, it was and is still immensely popular. Newman called it a classic and declared that Keble had done "that for the Church of England, which none but a poet could do; he made it poetical." But Keble's work for religion did not end here. By his strict attendance to parochial duty and by his writings he labored earnestly for his church up to his latest breath in 1866. Newman's conversion to the Catholic Church in 1845 was a severe blow to him. Although it did not shatter his faith in the old establishment he deeply felt "the chill loneliness" after his friend's departure. "My dearest Newman," he wrote on that occasion, "you have been a kind and helpful friend to me in a way in which scarce anyone else could have been, and you are so mixed up in my mind with old and dear and sacred thoughts that I cannot well bear to part with you, most unworthy as I know myself to be. And yet I cannot go along with you, I must cling to the belief that we are not really parted; you have taught me so, and I scarce think you can unteach me. And having relieved my mind with this little word, I will only say, God bless you and reward you a thousand-fold for all your help in every way to me unworthy, and to many others! May you have peace where you are gone, and help us in some way to get peace; but somehow I scarce think it will be in the way of controversy. And so with somewhat of a feeling as if the spring had been taken out of my year, I am always, your affectionate and grateful, John Keble." It is strange and mysterious beyond measure that Keble came so far and came no farther; but we who are clay in the potter's hand cannot question how we are fashioned. The spirited steeds of Theseus in the Grecian mythology were carried off, 'ere they had tast-

ed of the forage of Troy or drunk of the waters of the river Xanthus.

Finally there is another name—revered by thousands because it is inseparably coupled with something noble and generous—Edward Bouverie Pusey. His fame has not grown with the growing years, rather has diminished. Once few men stood for so much in the religious mind of England, so rich in personal accomplishments so refined in manner, so gifted in attainment, so safe in orthodoxy, yet, so modest, pious and retiring. Dr. Pusey had no share in originating the Tractarian movement; it was two or more years in existence, and in flourishing existence, when he joined it. Yet his union was felt as a distinct accession of strength. To a motley group he lent his prestige of an honored name and that in itself was called "a host." Henceforth the Tractarians were called "Puseyites" and what was first a nickname became the proud cognomen of a party and has continued so even unto our own day. Yet modern Puseyites differ from their forefathers in this, that with the mediæval doctrines taught by Dr. Pusey, they have logically adopted the mediæval ritual, repudiated by the same. Hence nowadays they are better known by the name of "Ritualists."

Dr. Pusey believed and taught the Real Presence. It is painful to fancy so good a man kneeling in the sanctuary of his own church and with the simplicity of a child in the ardor of prayer seeking behind veils for the God whose tents are pitched in Israel only. As unsullied as his own life was, he realized the fitness of the divine economy in instituting the sacrament of Penance. He claimed for his brother ministers of the Anglican Church the power of absolution. He himself was the chosen confidant and spiritual adviser of thousands. He had a wide reputation for piety, and people far and near sought his counsel in their doubts and troubles.

As much as Dr. Pusey admired the primitive and middle ages, as forcibly as he was drawn to so many fundamental Catholic doctrines, we have Cardinal Newman's testimony that he was never very near the One Fold. Despite his ceaseless activity in the present he was irrevocably wedded to the past. He lived in that past and had no practical grasp of the true condition of things around him. With a change of language he could have conversed at ease, and familiarly, with St. Augustine at Hippo or spoken words of comfort to St. Ignatius on the way to his martyrdom. Origen was no stranger to him, and the voice of St. Chrysostom with its burning eloquence lingered on his ear with all the cadence and melliflence with which it delighted a Grecian congregation. Nothing could call them back from the allurements of such scenes—not even the distractions of a busy life,—not even the toils or joys of this world, domestic sorrow or domestic peace. And as he passed away amid the shades of those whom he loved, it would not have been remarkable if, among the thousand visions which chase one another with fleetness in that moment, that lingered longest and last in which there were strange figures with foreign costumes, and voices speaking an old tongue with unknown joy.

It must not be supposed that these four men constituted the Tractarian movement. There were others joined with them, just as sincere, in some instances equally brilliant who had no small share in the work. Such men were Hugh James Ross, William Palmer, John William Bowden, and Arthur Percival. Besides these, even, there was a vast crowd, especially undergraduates at Oxford who were carried away by the genius and zeal of Newman, Pusey and Keble.

On Sunday, July 14th 1833, Keble preached the Assize sermon at Oxford on "National Apostacy." It was directed against Earl Grey's bill for the suppression of the Irish

bishoprics. Newman always regarded that day as the beginning of the movement. He immediately suggested the idea of tracts and the first one appeared on Sept. 9th of the same year. It was written by Newman himself under the pseudonym of "Presbyter" and had for title "Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission respectfully addressed to the Clergy." The avowed object of the tract was "to rouse the clergy to inculcate the Apostolical succession and to defend the liturgy." They stood upon three fundamental points. The first was that religion had underlying its very structure not sentiment but dogma; and by dogma they did not mean "a theological opinion formally insisted on," but something very akin to the "*quod de fide credendum*" of the scholastics. They started out to oppose liberalism and by liberalism they understood a party, the members of which were actuated by anti-dogmatic principles. Their first basic principle naturally led to the second—a belief in the sacramental system. A religion without dogma is as contradictory and impossible as a religion without God. If you acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being as the foundation of religious worship, surely that existence must be believed before man can render a rational homage. The existence of God therefore is a dogmatic truth. But why should we stop here? If we have sufficient proof why should we not believe that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity became incarnate to redeem us: that the method of redemption was through personal sacrifice and through blood? Why, if divinely declared, should we not believe that to perpetuate that redemption, Christ instituted a visible body called the Church and that He elected to give his grace unto men by visible signs called sacraments. Why, even if you do not wish to minimize the work of God, should not this belief be exacted, under the penalty of damnation? This was the sort of argument followed by the Tractarians. The sufficient proof, the divine declaration they found in the



Scriptures and in the traditions of the early church. They did not stop here. Christ not only established a church, but He endowed it with a certain form of government. That form was the Episcopal system. They made much of a certain sentence quoted from one of the Fathers, St. Ignatius, martyr: "a man does not deceive that Bishop whom he sees, but he practises rather with the Bishop invisible, and so the question is not with flesh but with God, who knows the secret heart." We may expect—as in reality it was—that the Tractarians had a deep reverence and a ready obedience for their bishops. So much was the case with Newman that, when he made his submission to the church of Rome he could find no stronger couch for his humility than to declare that he would obey the Pope as he had obeyed the Anglican Bishop of Oxford.

The third fundamental point of the tracts--it had no logical connection with its predecessors--was anti-Romanism. In this respect Newman quite outstripped his associates. At that time Pusey and Keble were comparatively moderate in their views and in their language, whilst Hurrell Froude could not feel it in his heart to say anything unkind against the ancient church. But Newman was unable to find words filled with sufficient bitterness to make his complaint. In his eagerness to protect himself against "no-Popery" he employed the subtlety of his genius and the power of his language to pour forth volumes of refined abuse. When people turned up their eyes in dismay and said that these young Oxonians were but Romanists in disguise, Newman replied "True, we seem to be making straight for it, but go on awhile and you will come to a deep chasm across the path, which makes real approximation impossible."

If any one is in search of objections against Rome he can find them in abundance in all of Newman's earlier works, but especially in his *Via Media*; yet let him bear this in mind, that if Newman, in his Anglo-catholicism uncorrupted

as he fancied, hits Romanism hard, he hits Protestantism still harder. In his boyhood, Newman was fully persuaded that the Pope was antichrist. Although in time this idea passed away, there are traces of it down as far as 1834. In that year in a magazine article he has the following: "In St. Paul's prophecy the Church of Rome is not the Temple or Church of God, but the man of sin in the Temple, the old man or evil principle of the flesh which exalteth itself against God. Certainly it is a mystery of antiquity and one which may well excite our dismay and horror, that in the very heart of the church, in her highest dignity, in the seat of St. Peter, the evil principle has throned itself and rules. It seems as if that spirit had gained subtlety by years; Popish Rome has succeeded to Rome pagan; and would that we had no reason to expect still more crafty developments of antichrist amid the wreck of institutions and establishments which will attend the fall of the Papacy." Hurrell Froude inveighed with all the power of pen and speech against this "name-calling" this "cursing and swearing." "I call it uncharitable to excess," he adds,— "How mistaken we may ourselves be on many points that are only gradually opening to us." Continual as was the progress of Newman's mind towards Roman Catholicism, even as late as 1837 the bitterness had not much diminished. "The Church of Rome" he writes may be said to resemble a demoniac, possessed with principles, thoughts and tendencies not her own; in outward form and in natural powers what God has made her, but ruled within by an inexorable spirit, who is sovereign in his management over her and most subtle and most successful in the use of her gifts."

If this was the view of Rome that Newman gleaned from her history, from her doctrines and their development, the opinion he formed of her practical working was not more flattering.

In 1832 on account of failing health he accom-

panied Hurrell Froude on a visit to the Mediterranean. He had ample opportunity to witness the operations of Catholicity in minds noted for their docility and in regions over which the Church of Rome held complete sway. Yet a Catholic service he describes as "a more poetical, but not less jading stimulus than a pouring-forth in a Baptist Church." Even the magnificent churches in many instances did not give him unalloyed pleasure. "It is fearful" he declares "to have before ones eyes the perversion of all the best, the holiest, the most exalted feelings of human nature. Everything in St. John's Church (*i. e.* the Catholic Church at Malta) is admirable if it did not go too far; it is a beautiful flower run to seed." The strange feelings however that quite subdued him at sight of Rome do as much credit to his sincerity (while it betokens his prejudices) as to his powers of description. "And what can I say of Rome" he writes "but that it is the first of cities and that all I ever saw are but as dust (even dear Oxford inclusive) compared with its majesty and glory. Is it possible that so serene and lofty a place is the cage of unclean creatures. What mingled feelings come upon one—you are in the place of martyrdom and burial of apostles and saints, you have about you the buildings and the sights they saw and you are in the city to which England owes the blessing of the Gospel. But then, on the other hand the superstitions or what is far worse, the solemn reception of them as an essential part of Christianity."

The tracts built upon these three points were published at irregular periods and continued from 1833 down to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul in 1841. The first numbers were anonymous but when Dr. Pusey joined the Party and wrote his treatise on "Fasting," he attached his initials to it. Thereupon the practice became almost universal.

In 1841 appeared the last of the tracts, the famous Tract 90, written by Newman himself. A storm of indignation burst over the land. With due credit to fair-minded-

ness, it had but one equal during the 19th century—some years later when Pope Pius IX reestablished the Catholic Hierarchy in England and the whole country went into a frenzy, burning His Holiness and Cardinal Wiseman in effigy. Tract 90 was from every standpoint an admirable structure. The followers of the Tractarians had by 1841 grown largely in numbers, and, as is not unusual, the pupils in doctrine had outstripped their masters. They were in a state of “restlessness, active and prospective,” because they could not regard themselves as stationary—they “were moving towards something and *most unhappily* the one religious community in possession of this something was the Church of Rome.” Above all they could not see how with their Catholic views they could subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles which were essentially Protestant. Newman undertook to show that the articles were “patient, though not ambitious of a Catholic interpretation.” In any case according to Bishop Bramhall, the Articles were “only pious opinions fitted for the preservation of unity;” not obliging any man “to believe them, but only not to contradict them.” If they were founded on compromise and purposely by their framer couched in ambiguous language, they were surely intended to be elastic. It was a bold attempt, to show that a man might hold a great many of the doctrines usually distinctive of Roman Catholics, and still remain a member of the Anglican Church. It was to be a severe test for the Thirty-nine Articles. Newman himself compares it to the “anxious period during the testing of a cannon, it remained to be seen whether the gun would burst under the operation.”

He commenced by making an ingenious distinction. It was the popular belief that “Roman doctrines” were condemned by the articles. He admitted and denied it. By Roman doctrines might be meant three things: firstly, the Catholic teaching of primitive Christianity; secondly, the

formal dogmas of Rome, specially defined in the Council of Trent; thirdly, actual beliefs and usages, tolerated or approved by Rome. These last he called "dominant errors." Now everyone knows that the "dominant errors" were condemned by the articles. On the other hand, Newman held that the Catholic teaching was not; and as to the formal dogmas some were and some were not condemned.

Notwithstanding its consistency and its strength, the tract met with universal disapprobation. It was censured by the Hebdomadal Board of Oxford and despite an "understanding" was denounced as pernicious by the bishops, one after another in their charges to the clergy. Confidence was shaken and Newman felt that he could no longer be of service to the movement.

Some years before in reading a history of the Monophysites a doubt arose in his mind which never quite left him. He saw a striking resemblance between the past and the present. And now as he was engaged on a translation of St. Athanasius the old doubt came back with renewed force. The Arians were the Protestants; the semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and Rome was then where she is now—she was standing serene, trying to allay the tempest. Even in this very year 1841, an event occurred which tended to unsettle him more and more. The Archbishop of Canterbury and a Prussian Minister of State, for political purposes, were carrying out a scheme to appoint an Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem. In Jerusalem there was not a single Anglican and yet what seems strange, they were sending out a bishop to "make a communion"—to fraternize with dissenters and oriental sects.

This was the beginning of the end. There was nothing precipitous, nothing rash. Newman in his *Apologia* has given us a beautiful description of the last four years. "From the end of 1841" he writes "I was on my death-bed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church.

though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees . . . . A deathbed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying and seasons of falling back; and since the end is foreseen or what is called a matter of time, it has little interest for the reader, especially if he has a kind heart. Moreover it is a season when doors are closed and curtains drawn, and when the sick man neither cares nor is able to record the stages of his malady." In 1843, Newman made a formal retraction of all the hard and uncharitable things he had ever said against the Church of Rome. On Oct. 8th, 1845, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Mozley, to announce what the world had long expected:

My Dear Jemima:—I must tell you what will pain you greatly, but I will make it as short as you would wish me to do.

This night Father Dominic, the Passionist, sleeps here. He does not know of my intention, but I shall ask him to receive me into what I believe to be the One Fold of the Redeemer.

This will not go till all is over.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Fancy loves to linger over a day so memorable as that 9th of October. In reality it was an autumn day colder than usual for that time of the year—one of those dreary, dismal days, full of sad reflections, when no one ventures out but those who must, and a great depression of spirits hangs over those who remain within. We are told that the rain came down in torrents and the wind howled with all its equinoctial fury. The "monastery" of Littlemore wore its usual appearance. Those who approached its doors however, were told that there would be no entrance for a day or two, as Mr. Newman "wished to remain quiet." The vil-

lagers did not divine what had occurred. It became generally known, only on the following Sunday, when Mr. Newman and his companions appeared publicly at Mass in Oxford.

Thus certainly, thus unobtrusively "the brightest and most penetrating intellect in the Church of England" — "a man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during this century, perhaps the most remarkable, whom the English Church has produced in any century." renounced his allegiance to Anglicanism and went over to the Church of Rome. Mr. Disraeli, Prime-minister of England, declared that Newman's secession dealt a blow to the Establishment from which after a quarter of a century she still reeled. Never perhaps since the days of Augustine did the Catholic Church receive from human intellect stronger testimony to her mission of truth than when Newman after so many vicissitudes made unconditional surrender to her who had been his self-constituted enemy for almost forty years. We may view him apart from the other conversions that preceded and followed him; we may prescind from the movement itself and the fact that it took its rise in the very centre of English intelligence; we may pass over how "the fond memories of early years and the anxious anticipations of years to come" drew him almost irresistibly to the church of his forefathers,—and yet from the evolutions of this single mind history will find it harder to show that Rome as a church has no claims upon our allegiance—science will find it more difficult to prove that there is "an essential opposition between Catholic truth and and the processes of intellectual inquiry."

Our parting word to the movement is the distant echo of a voice long stilled. "Twice before in those latter centuries," writes Canon Oakeley, himself a Tractarian and a convert "has the Catholic Church seemed in the way to regain her hold upon the English nation in the reign of the

first Mary and that of the second James. But the cup of promise was dashed away from her lips, before it had neared them, and the hope which for the moment had been awakened, had its reaction in periods of a still deeper depression. May it have been that her Lord reserved for her some better destiny: that He would have the work of restoration to begin not from above but from below - its instruments to be, not the princes and nobles of this world, but the missionaries of the poor."

In the Catholic Church Newman at length found the peace he had long sought, the comfort he had long desired. "From the time that I became a Catholic" he writes "I have had no variations to record and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I have never had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself on my conversion of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truth of revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor, but it was like coming into port after a rough sea, and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption."

Of Newman's Catholic life there are few things to record. After a year and a half at Rome, he returned to England and spent the remainder of his days in the Oratory at Birmingham. In 1879 he was created a Cardinal by Leo XIII. It was the Seal of the Church on a great life. Newman felt it as such and to his brethren of Oratory said; "The cloud is lifted from me for ever." Forever is a long time, but that it lasted beyond the grave his own simple words on his deathbed would seem to indicate. The kindly light to whom he had prayed in the streets of Boniface had indeed led him on "o'er moor and fell, o'er crag and torrent" and now as he stood within reach of the goal, his last words were, "I hear the music of Heaven—all is sunshine."



